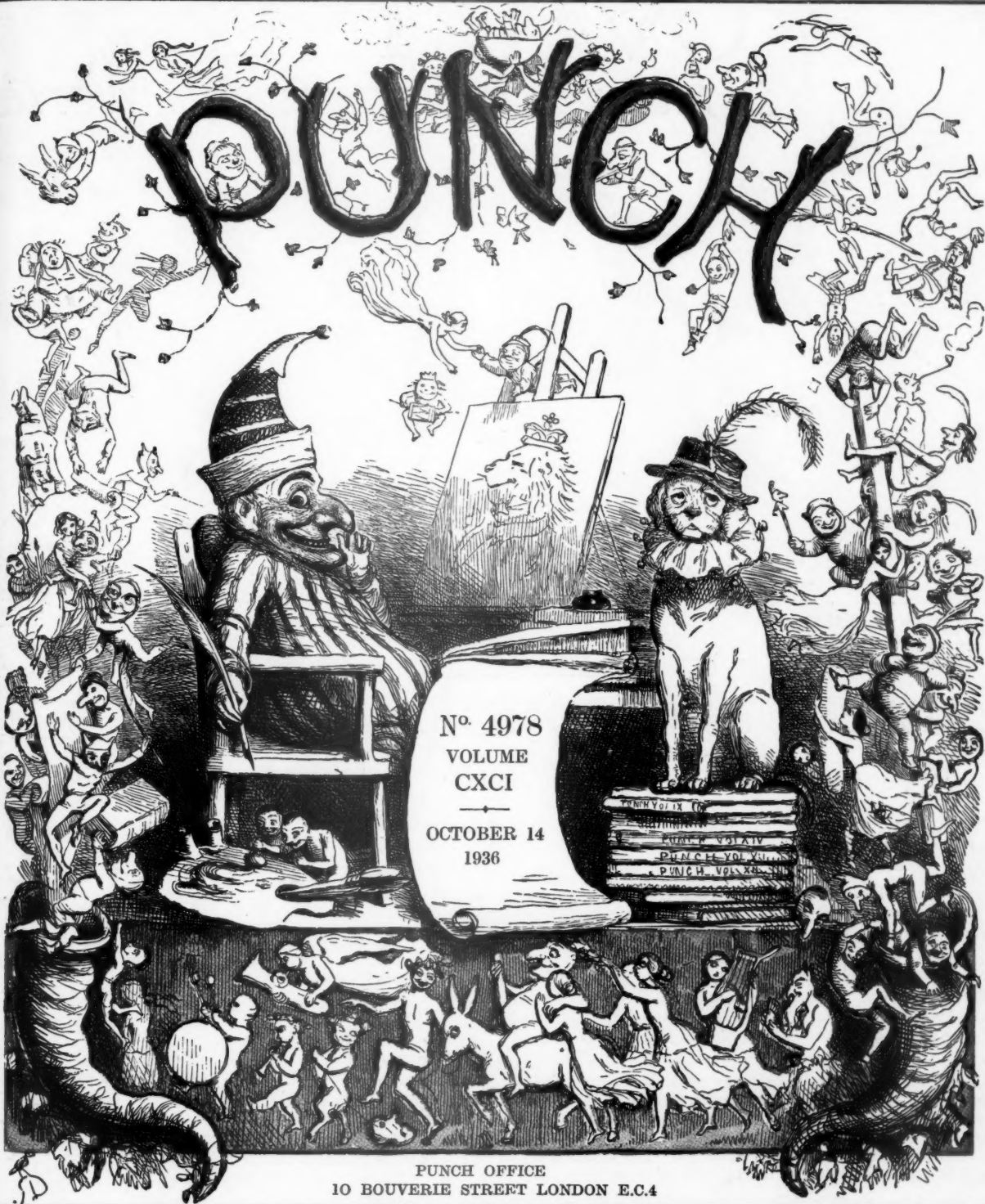


Cadbury's

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The Ovaltine Egg farm extending over 350 acres, and with accommodation for 100,000 birds



*Its VALUE and ECONOMY  
are also without equal*

'OVALTINE' is by far the most widely purchased food beverage in the world. Its outstanding reputation as the supreme beverage for promoting good health has been achieved by sheer merit alone.

Further convincing evidence of the unrivalled health-giving value of 'Ovaltine' is provided by the fact that it is recommended by doctors everywhere, and is in regular use in all the leading hospitals.

But remember this—supremely good as it is, 'Ovaltine' is also supremely economical. The 1/1d. tin makes no fewer than 16 cupfuls of delicious, concentrated nourishment. Even when made entirely with milk, 'Ovaltine' is still the most economical food beverage, due to its high quality and the small quantity you need to use.

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For all these reasons, 'Ovaltine' should be the regular daily beverage in every home. During the coming Autumn and Winter months let 'Ovaltine' build a wall of resistance round the health of every member of your family. Quality always tells—insist on 'Ovaltine.'

The 'Ovaltine' Dairy Farm with its renowned herd of prize-winning Jersey Cows



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is now served  
at Cafés,  
Restaurants,  
& Milk Bars

Prices in Gt. Britain  
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1/1, 1/10 and 3/3

## Charivaria

SOUTH African ostrich farmers claim to have been the originators of hiking. We believe we are on the brink of discovering why ostriches bury their heads in the sand.

★ ★ ★

"Railway Company Buys 10,000 Tons of Coal," reads a headline. And so, as soon as they've collected some old newspapers and firewood and paraffin and matches, they really ought to be able to keep that waiting-room fire alight.

★ ★ ★

A correspondent asserts that there is a perfect remedy for the plague of the autumn cold—but not, unfortunately, for the plague who knows of a perfect remedy.

★ ★ ★

A gossip-writer says he cannot think of a more futile occupation than the writing of popular songs. Well, it's not for us to suggest one to him.

★ ★ ★



Two cyclists are riding round the world on half-a-crown. In the old days of course this could have been done on a penny-farthing.

★ ★ ★

A cortortionist appearing in the Bankruptcy Court explained that increasing girth had lessened his earnings. Try as he would, he *could* not make both ends meet.

★ ★ ★

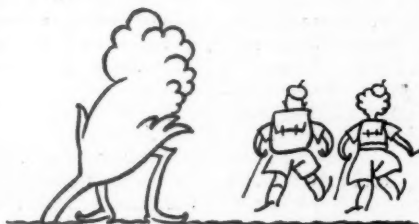
"Black spots before the eyes at the beginning of a meal are a sure sign of indigestion," says a doctor. Will the importers of caviar take this lying down?

★ ★ ★

"There seems to be nothing left nowadays to explore," remarks a writer. Every avenue is already overcrowded.

★ ★ ★

A shoe manufacturer says that his whole staff is working on dancing shoes in preparation for the winter season. All hands to the pumps.



A Dublin carter is alleged to have struck a shopkeeper because he sold him a stamp with no gum on the back. He just couldn't stick that sort of thing.

★ ★ ★

An American all-in wrestler known as "The Python of the Pampas" has written several poems. It looks as if nothing can hinder their publication until an editor is produced known as "The Butcher of the Blue-Pencil."

★ ★ ★

There is an epidemic of parcel-stealing in London streets. The authorities believe that it may be the work of an organised gang of pickpockets.

★ ★ ★

A patient has been prescribed for by wireless. Which means that you've now got to hang an apple on the aerial as well.



★ ★ ★

A psychologist declares that a well-lighted, neatly-arranged bedroom reveals the woman of system. The remedy is of course to pull down the blinds.

★ ★ ★

Benzoylsulponicinud is said to be five hundred times sweeter than honey. Against this we must set the fact that it hasn't quite so many rhymes to it.

★ ★ ★

A mechanic has just invented a motor-car that will stop without having to apply a brake. Maybe he is going to follow that up by producing a tyre that will go flat without the bother of puncturing it.

★ ★ ★

Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY asks us to imagine that somewhere in fourth-dimensional time SHAKESPEARE is just finishing *Hamlet*. Another profound thought is that somewhere else Mr. PRIESTLEY is just beginning *The Good Companions*.

★ ★ ★

An American from the Middle West says he felt quite at home at a British football match. No doubt it was the wide open faces.





## Horses over Europe

I READ the other morning in my newspaper that the owner of Thankerton (I think it was), whose horse is entered for the Los Angeles Collection Plate or some similar transatlantic sporting event, hopes to secure a passage for the animal on the *Hindenburg*—at least if it wasn't the *Hindenburg* it was the other of the two large German Zeppelin things. It is a pity to be so vague, especially as I took the trouble to make a pencil-mark against the item in the paper, but you know how it is. I said at the time, "I must remember to cut that out," and sure enough next day I remembered. But do you suppose that was any good? Could they produce the paper I wanted when I asked for it? Not they. A complete set of *The Evening News* for the whole of last month, certainly; or *The Sunday Times* for February 17th, 1935, by all means. But yesterday's *Daily Telegraph*? Oh, dear, no. Did you ever hear of such an unreasonable request?

However, fortunately the details are not of any great importance. The point to which I wish to call the attention of the thinking public is that, if all goes well, this will be the first occasion, so far as is known, on which a horse has travelled by air.

I cannot pretend to estimate what impression this piece of information will make on the minds of the majority. Everyone has his own peculiar way of looking at things; *quot homines*, as the Romans neatly put it, *tot sententiae*. I do not doubt that there will be found those ready to declare their heartfelt satisfaction that no horse has so far been called upon to fly, and their horror and disgust at the suggestion that such a proceeding should even be in contemplation. For thousands of years, they will say, the horse has been content to run upon the ground, his natural habitat. Both in shape and temperament he is unsuited to attempt the upper air. Why, then, should this noble creature be subjected to the helpless indignity of being borne aloft into a region where he cannot feel otherwise than a stranger and ill-at-ease? This, I think, is what these people will say, and, though one might shout "Pegasus" at them for an hour, it would make no difference.

For myself I care little about the dignity of the horse. If my opinion were asked I should say that he has a good deal too much of it. Horses have looked at me before now in such a way that I could have slapped them, if they had been properly secured. There was a horse I remember over at Hemel Hempstead in 1927 which would have been all the better for an hour or two up in the air. So, as I say, alarm for the comfort and convenience of the horse was not the first impression to leap to my mind on reading this paragraph (lost now, confound it!) about Thankerton. What I did feel was surprise and astonishment that so simple a thing as the aerial transport of horses should not have been done before. We have not advanced much, after all, since the days of WILBUR WRIGHT and SANTOS-DUMONT, of ORVILLE WRIGHT and—the names of numerous pioneers of flying will doubtless occur to the reader. Without having given any very close attention to the subject, I confess I should have supposed that there was by this time a regular horse-traffic on the London-Karachi-Port Darwin route; and now it turns out that there are no loose-boxes even on the Paris 'planes. Thankerton himself, you will notice, can apparently hope for nothing better than some sort of faked-up accommodation on a lighter-than-air machine.

Once the thing has started of course it will soon acquire momentum. Somebody will fly a cart-horse to the Cape

and back in record time. Mr. and Mrs. MOLLISON, starting from London and New York respectively, will be the first married couple to swap horses in mid-Atlantic. There will be races for four-in-hands from Paris to Buenos Aires. And after the pioneers will come the trade boom. Will Britain be ready? What is the Government doing? Already, you notice, the contract for the conveyance of the first horse has gone to Germany. Already the Nazis can claim to be potentially the greatest air-borne horse-carriers in the world.

As we are speculating, dare we peep beyond horses into the future, fraught with such immense possibilities? For, make no mistake, Man will not be content to rest on this new achievement. After the horse, inevitably the zebra, the musk ox, the Asiatic buffalo. To someone must fall the honour of taking the first camel into the clouds. Nothing can stay the onward march of Progress. Lions, hyenas, wallabies, the armed rhinoceros and the Hyrcan tiger—these and many more must follow into the central blue. There must be no turning back, no shirking of a common responsibility. The very river-horse, most earthbound of creatures, must be given wings.

Next year is Coronation Year, and I cannot resist the conviction that the sending of an elephant into the stratosphere would be a really worthy way of signalling the occasion. Admittedly the time is short, but if we all work together with the common object in view a way will surely be found. What a triumph for British pluck, British engineering skill and British-Indian elephants! And science would benefit too. At present our knowledge of the effect of altitude upon elephants is scanty; we cannot even guess at their reactions, mental and physical, at a height of, say, a hundred thousand feet. It is possible (nothing in our experience goes to deny it) that the whole structure of an elephant changes at the fifty-thousand-foot level. These are points which such an ascent into the stratosphere would help to settle. British Aviation, it is up to you!

Meanwhile the reactions of the horse in the *Hindenburg* (provided of course that he actually goes, which seems at the moment to be in doubt) will be closely watched. H. F. E.

## Travel Talk

THE train we were in stopped unwillingly at a German station, and our restaurant-car, being in the middle, had no alternative but to stop too.

"Continental trains," the spinster opposite me said, "are always so ill-tempered, don't you think?"

"Well, really," I replied, "I haven't been abroad before."

"Never been abroad?"

"Not properly. At least, I once started on a day-trip from Folkestone to Boulogne, but it was so rough that we were all ill and couldn't land. You wouldn't count that, would you?"

"No, hardly."

"I gather," I said, "that you *have* been abroad before?"

She smiled sophistication. "Oh, yes, frequently. In fact I might say I'm quite cosmopolitan."

"And have you done this tour?"

"Yes. Of course the important thing is to remember your soap and towels."

"Soap?"

"And towels."

"But I haven't brought either."

"Then you must certainly buy some in Cologne. Soap for the hotels and towels for the train, you know."

"And is Cologne very interesting?"

"They don't really give you time to see the town. But





## THE VISION OF PROSPERITY

["With the assurance that any danger of a competitive currency depreciation is at a minimum, I think we may legitimately hope that the recovery of the export trade will in due course follow the recovery of the home trade which we have already secured."—*The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, at the Guildhall last week.*]



## THE BRITISH CHARACTER

POLITICAL APATHY

the hotels are quite clean—cleaner on the whole than in Dresden or Frankfort."

"It's very useful to know these things," I said.

"Then of course there's Prague. Do you know, a most odd thing about Prague. They put spittoons in the bedrooms. It's so quaint just at first."

"But then," I observed, "that doesn't prove whether the Czechs are very hygienic or not very hygienic, does it?"

She looked at me suspiciously. "And the food in the hotels," she went on, "is really quite ordinary. You get a lot of what they call *jambon de Prague*, but it's actually very little different from York ham."

"I suppose that Prague is a very wonderful city?"

"Well, it's *old*, you know."

"And have you been to Hungary too?" I asked as the train moved out.

"Budapest! Oh, Budapest is divine! And the waiters are so courteous. You get cream in your coffee, you know, and ever so much melon. I love melon—don't you?"

"And the night life?"

"And then all the night porters speak English, and they're quite charming, so that if you happen to have left your key in the bedroom there's absolutely no trouble about getting in."

"I see," I said. "And the lights?"

"Oh, yes, you must remember that, of course. You turn the switches round and round until they go on, instead of just up and down."

"And the country?"

"Well, all country's much the same, isn't it? But in Hungary the railways don't seem to be quite as wide as in other places, and I often feel that the train doesn't just fit the track."

"And you've been to Vienna too?"

"A very disappointing place," she whispered. "The bedrooms are nearly all too small—"

"But Vienna—" I interrupted weakly.

"And the lift when I was there wasn't working, and we had to *walk* upstairs, if you please."

I sat silent in sympathy.

"The food too was nearly all roast veal, and not well roasted at that. And tea cost a *shilling a pot*!"

"I always understood—"

"In fact it's quite a relief to get to Munich where the hotels are really good." For emphasis she laid her napkin on the table. "If you'll excuse me," she said, struggling up uncertainly, "I don't think I'll wait for the fruit. We shall get plenty of peaches later."

"It's been a most interesting little chat," I said.

"Well, of course," she replied modestly, "I've travelled a good deal. Good-night."

## Conversation with an Employer

"Miss Pin, unless I can get hold of an idea for a really humorous article, I shall go mad. It's got to be brand-new and thoroughly amusing, and I've got to have it written by ten o'clock tomorrow morning. I don't know why I ever said I'd do it, but I *did*, and now I'm going mad—slowly mad."

"Could you—I daresay this isn't at all a good idea—but what about—I couldn't help thinking—if you could do anything—very light, of course—with *wasps*?"

"Wasps, Miss Pin?"

"Wasps at a picnic, in—in the jam. Something like that perhaps."

"In the days when PLATO was a boy, a mere lad at school, when JULIUS CÆSAR was as yet unborn, when man first crawled out of the primeval slime, Miss Pin, we may feel well assured that the humorists of the age had already relegated the subject of wasps, for the purposes of humour, into the ranks of the hopelessly *démodé*. Not that it isn't a very good idea, Miss Pin—don't misunderstand me for a moment—but I just feel it's utterly

out-of-date, done to death, and without the slightest value."

"You did say—I think I have a note of it here—that you had an idea for a humorous article the other day. Perhaps I could find it. . . . Yes. You said 'Navy Week.'"

"What else, Miss Pin?"

"Nothing else. You just said it in the middle of lunch and asked me to make a note of it."

"I must beg you, Miss Pin, to make yourself clear. It is inconceivable that over a plate of cold beef and pickles—and make a note, if you please, that they *will not* send up pickled onions all by themselves and that those are the only kind I can really eat—that over a plate of cold beef and inferior gherkins and cauliflowers I should simply have uttered the words 'Navy Week' without anything further."

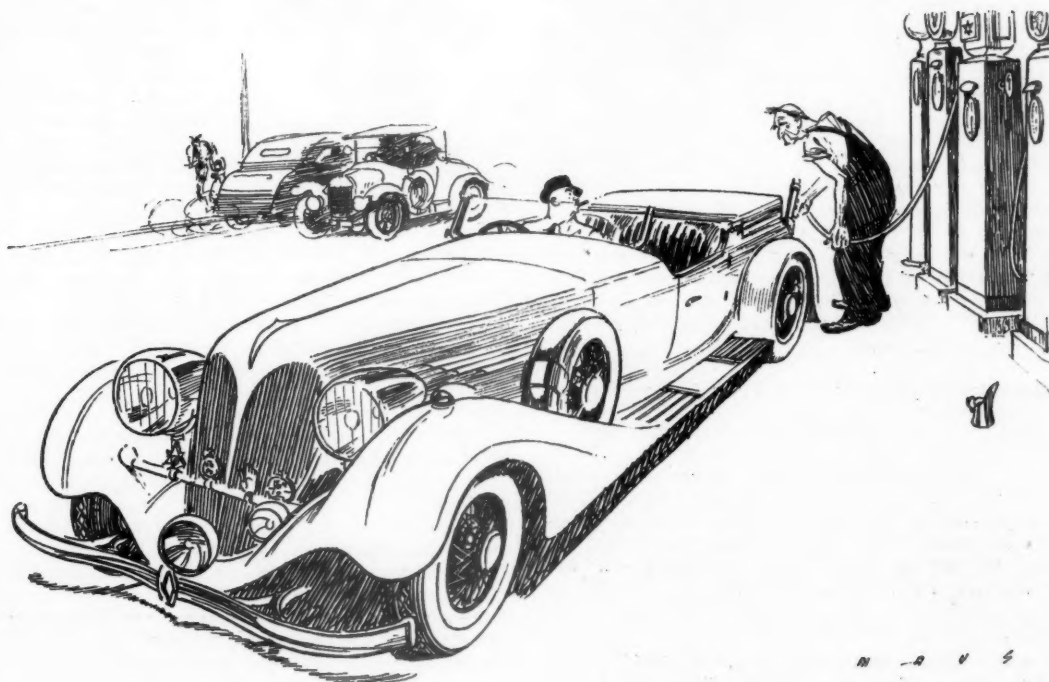
"I've got a note here that you were talking about ideas for humorous articles at the time."

"Do I ever, Miss Pin, talk of anything else? You know as well as I do that my *entire* life is bounded by the utter impossibility and at the same time the absolute necessity of being funny regularly once a week. And

once more, if that woman *can't* be prevented from turning my writing-table upside-down with a broom and duster or whatever it is she uses, could she at least respect my wishes to the extent of remembering that unless my penwiper is in the spot where I expect it to be I shall go mad?"

"I'll speak to her again. Could you—it's only a suggestion—but *could* you do something funny about a—a charwoman dusting an author's desk?"

"'Something funny about a charwoman dusting an author's desk?' Miss Pin, your ideas of what is or is not a fit subject for jest are very singular indeed. I ask you, with the utmost self-restraint, to exercise some slight control over the deliberate wrecking of my sole means of livelihood, and in reply you suggest that I should write something funny on the subject. I must ask you, Miss Pin, to take down some letters. But, first, will you please ring up the photographer and say Monday instead of Tuesday, and the nursing home and ask how old Lady Fish is getting on, and find out if it's all right about my train to-morrow, and give me an idea for a really funny article or I shall go mad." E. M. D.



"D' YOU MIND SWITCHING OFF, SIR? SHE'S GAININ' ON ME."



## Garden Rubbish

By the Authors of "1066 And All That"

AH, WILDERNESS!

*Some Thoughts aroused by a Distant Prospect of the Unpleasaunce.*

"WELL, this is all there is to see; we'll go back now. . ."

Your hostess is lying to you. She knows perfectly well, and so do you, that there is just one more bit to see and that she doesn't want you to see it—that dreary devastated area, the skeleton in every garden-swanker's cupboard, the Glamis-monster of her domain; in a word, *The Unpleasaunce*.

Every fair-sized garden has one (it is a Law of Nature) and one Unpleasaunce is much like another: they differ only in the number and variety of Depressing Things they harbour.

Similarly, every fair-sized garden-writer has a *Speciality*, and since all the other opportunities for displaying erudition (including Alpine Plants, Miletian Orchidaceæ, Never-flowering shrubs and Absolutely Poisonous Succulents) have been done to death by other writers, we shall treat you to a fair-sized treatise on the *Speciality* which we have been obliged to embrace, namely, *Things which Occur in the Unpleasaunce*.

You will be glad to know that our treatise, instead of being choked up with unpronounceable and wrongly-derived Latin names, is all about things which, we hope, will be full of significance for the thousands of people who can hardly speak Latin at all but can recognise an Unpleasaunce all right when they see one.

Common or garden-writers' lack of modesty compels us to let you know that in the course of our Special Researches we have investigated hundreds of gardens, right to the bitter end. We are, quite frankly, the only world experts in Unpleasauntness.

### THINGS WHICH OCCUR IN THE UNPLEASAUNCE

(Our Speciality)

#### (1) Utilities

At its best (which it never is) the Unpleasaunce is full of things someone-forgot-he-had-plenty-and-ordered-more-of; Virgin pea-sticks, for instance, and barren seedling-boxes, besides those little heaps of clinkers, slaked lime, leaf-mould, pot-cracks, silver sand and soot—all the tedious cosmetics of the Garden Beautiful.

#### (2) Futilities

At its worst the Unpleasaunce presents itself as the Mecca of the Unmentionables. In it will be found that small pit for throwing things into (caused by someone's desire to throw things into a small pit) which is always half-full of disembowelled fruit-tins, senile dish-clouts,

condemned mouse-traps, bald scrubbing-brushes and stricken jam-pots, pickle-jars and stone ginger bottles innumerable, all doubtless aspiring to eventual manure and meanwhile giving rise to clouds of up-and-down midges at dusk and places in the sun for squadrons of ink-striped blue-bottle flies and iridescent green-bottle flies.

There is usually a busted sieve somewhere in the Unpleasaunce and a devastated enamel kettle, and a rusted boot (keeping a tongueless vigil) with a docken growing out of it; and lying in the long grass a heavy plank with plenty of woodlice underneath where the grass (like Mr. Knatchbull Twee's face) is all flattened out and anæmic; and half a symbolical ladder of success (with practically no rungs).

#### (2) Flora

Things grow in the Unpleasaunce, of course: young grass out of an old doormat, voluntary vegetable marrows, parvenu pumpkins, and a riot of rogue rhubarb. And in every untrampled corner strong self-made borders of *Hurtica dioica*, the hardy perennial stinging-nettle.

#### (4) Fauna

No doubt there are rats (but only at night when no one would have the nerve to investigate an Unpleasaunce) which probably accounts for the inevitable Abandoned Cat, which is always very pleased to see you—but not of course for the occasional Devastated Goat, which isn't.

There is often a wasps'-nest in the Unpleasaunce. For offset there is always a bonfire (which annoys the wasps) smouldering sourly alongside the heap of dejected grass-cuttings and adding vastly to the general Unpleasauntness.

#### (5) Architecture

Here be also Erections. A rusty grindstone without a handle and a scarred trestle for chopping and sawing things on, now almost hacked through, and a deserted hutch for rabbits or possibly guinea-pigs, with a rent in the hexagonal wire-netting through which doubtless the beasts escaped—it is pleasing to know that they didn't starve to death.

But the architectural feature of all Unpleasaunces is the mysterious little *Shed*, grey outside and black inside, which no one has the courage to explore on account of the peculiar and distressing smell which seems to be its only inhabitant.

We can offer no explanation of this Shed or of the remarkable substance (apparently damp blotting-paper dipped in tar) with which it, and the rabbit-hutch too, is habitually cowled.

Among other possible erections are the congé'd cold frame, now framing nothing but a growth of giant artichoke, and the culverin-shaped pump whose ankle wears a puttee made of bleached sacking tied with string and plugged with rotting straws. It is impossible to pump the pump because the handle has broken off and gone to join the other rusty things, the superannuated rakes and assorted



prongs, the scarlet saw-blade and the brown saw-like scythe-blade that lurk in the long grass in the hope of giving someone lock-jaw.

#### (6) Historical Exhibits

Here in the Unpleasaunces of England the backwash of recent history waits patiently for its absorption into the soil, and many are the period objects observed with astonishment by the authors on their tours of investigation.

Among those noted: Period wooden washstand (yellow period), partly de- varnished, the plateau boldly pierced with bevelled holes for basin, carafe, tooth-mug and soap-dish. Bottomless portmanteau (period 1860) neatly boxing in a fine growth of flowering nettle and supporting on its inner sides eerie wave-lengths of horrible fungi. Skeletons of umbrella (period uncertain), filthy old high-buttoning period waistcoat (1902), ditto abdicated (crownless) straw-hat hastening to humify. Ostracised bead-curtain (recent). Prize Discovery: Oil painting of genuine ancestor of last owner but three—this was found in the *Shed*.

#### (7) Mysteries

Some Extraordinary Objects which have been known to occur at the fag-ends of gardens: the back half of dinghy? the result of a dissolved fishing partnership (Maida Vale '35). A rusticated bedstead with brass knobs and devastated mattress complete (Banstead '32). Whole kitchen-range (extinct). Full-sized unattached enamel bath with stuck taps and a little dark green slimy water at the bottom (Reigate and several other places). Stellenbosch sewing-machine (period? 1908). Motor-car upside-down (near Wallingford)—Query: How it got there (no road in sight) and who was strong enough, gay enough or angry enough to overthrow it? Similarly, what of the enormous rusty cog-wheels so often encountered miles from the nearest factory, and the light railway tip-truck perched on a pile of rail-lengths, all obviously indestructible and now irremovable (Godalming district '34)? And what, yes *what* about the retired goldfish we found living amid the dock-leaves near Wantage, in a porcelain enamel lavatory cistern and groundless terror of the plug being pulled any minute?

#### (8) Fear and Hatred of the Unpleasaunce

Melancholy from any point of view, the Unpleasaunce is capable of arousing emotions of Fear and Hatred. Hatred of the Unpleasaunce is stronger among townfolk, who think it is just a piece of slovenliness on the gardener's part (like the housemaid who brushes all the "flue" under the sofa) than among gardeners, who know that it is a

partly justifiable phenomenon and in any case an absolutely inevitable one.

Countrymen fear the Unpleasaunce. They know that if it is not ruthlessly kept down and cut back it will *encroach*, pushing out tentacles like an octopus—a rusty hoe here, a sub-bonfire there, an advance-guard of nettles, an outpost of rhubarb—it will begin to infiltrate, to creep along the hedges towards the house in an attempt to oversmother the whole estate.

Many a garden-lover has woken up shuddering in the still hours and rushed to the window to make sure that his Unpleasaunce Nightmare (well known to all psycho-analysts) was only a dream. That the garden is still there. That the Unpleasaunce—which he had dreamt was surging ungovernably across the lawn, grubbing its way up the steps of the loggia, fumbling at the French-windows and even starting to climb up on the shoulders of the Virginia Creeper in order to join forces with the box-room,

the nursery, the housemaid's cupboard and other internal unpleasaunces, for a final assault and conquest of the whole house—that the Unpleasaunce is still in its proper place at the far end of the kitchen garden, as beastly as ever, doubtless, but still, thank heavens, held at bay. . . .

It is a terrible thought, that if ever the gardening classes lose courage and give up their gallant and perennial struggle with these monsters, within a year the whole of England will be one vast and permanent Unpleasaunce.

(To be continued)



#### Bluebottles over the Border

"SPANISH INTERVENTION INQUIRY  
FLIES HERE TO GIVE EVIDENCE."  
Headline from Daily Paper.

#### An Impending Apology

"Although His Highness is in touch with specialist medical advisers in this country, his health remains good, and his spirits excellent."—*Indian Paper*.

"What the driver said when he found his bus had disappeared he did not say."—*Daily Paper*.

He just thought it.

#### Our Erudite Contemporaries

"But, in any case, those who see the fine production at Covent Garden, with Sir John Martin-Harvey as 'Oedipus,' must appreciate the dignified sonority of the lines, and wonder what was contained in the two other dramas, 'Oedipus Tyrannus' and 'Oedipus Coloneus.'"—*Notice of "Oedipus Rex" in Daily Paper*.

#### At the Theatre

A GENTLEMAN home from Malay was taken one night to a play. He said, "I don't mind if their accent's refined, but I wish I could hear what they say."

## Dog Bores

ALL dog bores are a nuisance, but the kind you meet in the train are the worst.

All train bores are offensive, but the dog variety get their colours earlier than some.

We discovered these great truths when we took our new black cocker up to Leicestershire for the week-end. There was a nice kind man in the train—we knew he was a nice kind man because he patted Dan on the head and remarked that travelling was trying for dogs. We replied that he had said a mouthful and—a passing train causing Dan to flinch—added that it was also a nervous experience for a highly-strung puppy like ours. Pedigree dogs, we threw out carelessly, were a mass of nerves.

"Ah," said the man, beginning to show his fell purpose behind the mask of intelligent interest, "you're right there. I had a pedigree Labrador once—beautiful dog she was. She'd been reserve champion of Crufts twice, besides a heap of other prizes. But do you know, it was a funny thing, that dog couldn't stand milk-carts? Must have been ill-treated by a milkman at some time or other, I suppose. She'd jump into a car or train as soon as look at it, but every time the milk came round she'd make straight for her kennel and sit there trembling till the cart had gone by."

We tried to get him back to the point, which was OUR DOG'S NERVES, by saying that Dan didn't mind milk-carts but was scared of children. It was an unlucky remark.

"Is that so?" the villain replied. "Ah, well, I can't say our Topper was that—in fact just the reverse. Now we've two kids—Irene and Gordon. Nearly grown up now, of course, but when Topper came Irene was five and the little nipper just on three. You should have seen those two with that dog! Ridin' on her back, pulling her tail; and she seemed to enter into the fun as much as they did. What d' you think happened one day? They were playing with Topper in a little sand dump I laid down at the bottom of our garden for the kiddies, and blest if they didn't start to bury the dog! Well, they hadn't got far when . . ."

Then followed the dreariest story imaginable, in which no fact of note became apparent except the extreme unpleasantness of Irene and Gordon's habits and the unmitigated muttishness of Topper in putting up with them.

We listened with an ill grace and thanked Heaven when the man got out at the next stop.

He was replaced by an elderly lady who gazed at Dan admiringly for some time and then said that he was a handsome doggie. We smiled.

"What beautiful long ears he has!" she continued, after the manner of *Red Riding Hood* and the *Wolf*. Our smile broadened. Dan's ears are a matter for solemn family thanksgiving.

"They remind me of my Smartie," was her next remark, while we tried to master our disgust sufficiently to inquire who—or what—Smartie was.

"Smartie was—well, they said he was a Dandy Dinmont, but I always thought he had a bit of Irish terrier in him myself. But he had beautiful long ears—just like your doggie."

"Ours is a cocker spaniel," we pointed out coldly.

"Yes, and mine was a Dandy Dinmont, Smartie was—at least they said so."

The conversation seemed to have reached an impasse.

"Our dog's father was considered to be the best black cocker in the country," we went on, striving to get a little interest into the dialogue. "He took over two hundred prizes."

"Fancy that! Ah, well, Smartie never took any prizes like that. But he would have got a first prize anywhere for finding acid-drops."

"Really? Dan won't touch sweets, but he loves raw fruit."

"You don't say! Now Smartie wouldn't look at fruit except blackberries. Oh, he loved blackberries! Do you know that on a picnic he used to eat the blackberries off the bushes. Have you ever heard the like of that before?"

"No, never. Dan always spends his time on picnics finding imaginary rabbits."



"I THINK THERE'S SOME MISTAKE—  
THIS IS HER MOTHER SPEAKING."

"Ah, rabbits; that reminds me, Smartie had his special toy—an old stuffed toy rabbit it was. 'Find Bunny,' we used to say, and he'd pop straight to the cupboard where it was kept. *He knew all right.*"

"They are sweet with toys, aren't they? Dan's favourite plaything is my husband's shoehorn."

"Is it now? Smartie used to love my husband's cycling shoes. I always thought it was because they smelt stronger of my husband than anything else. . . ."

I don't know how long the rally would have gone on had we not been interrupted by another traveller, of the middle-aged farmer type, who lit a pipe and cast a critical eye on Dan for some time before saying, "Nice dog you've got there."

That seemed a better start.

"He's got a good head, hasn't he?" we said modestly.

"Ay, and first-class shoulders too."

So then we told the man all about Dan's shoulders and ears and coat and his father's and mother's shoulders and ears and coats. He seemed interested. But at the end he spoilt it all.

"I've got a golden cocker at home . . ." he began.

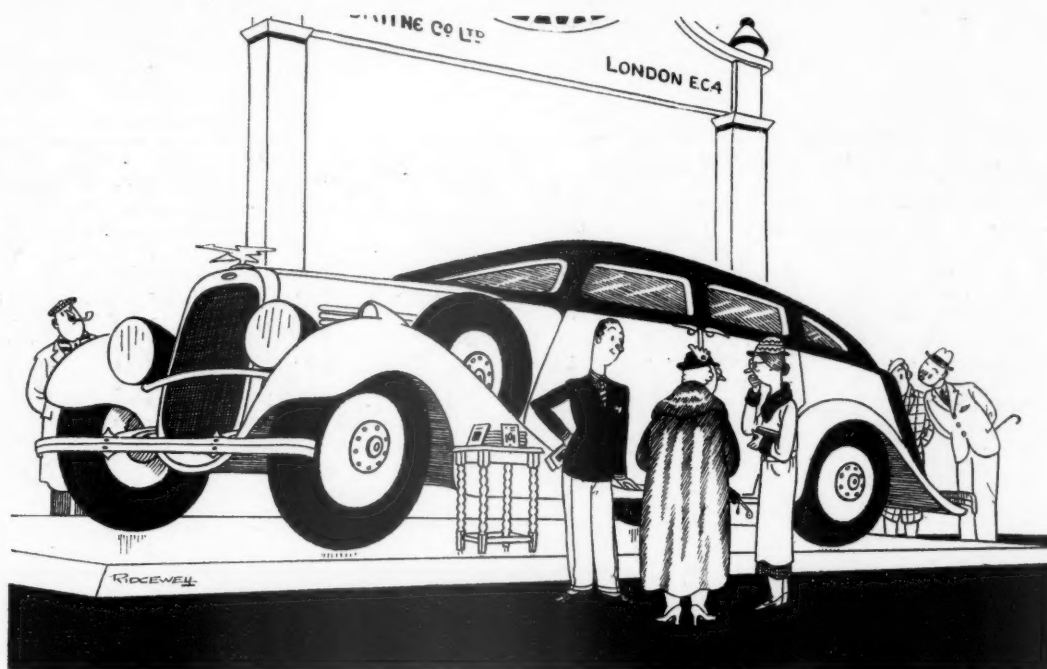
It's curious how selfish people are in insisting on talking about their own dogs.

## The Jumpkhana

THIS year the popular fixture known in Ballykeally as the Jumpkhana was more exciting than ever, for there was, as an awe-stricken admirer said of it, "every type of divilation an' a lot of it twict over." Always the event causes a considerable stir in the town, not only because it is a horsey affair but also because it invariably takes place on the day after the restoring to their accustomed places of the hands of misguided clocks and watches that have for months registered "new time."

So much confusion has this caused in the past in a community that takes a full week to adjust its reactions to the Town Hall clock that the Gymkhana Committee has considered seriously the postponing of this alteration in time to the Tuesday following, but so far they have not done anything about it. So in the customary maze of uncertainty regarding the exact hour—unshared by the dwellers in Lowry's Lane, who have announced from the very beginning that "We'll have no martial law down here"—the crowd made its way to Mr. Grace's field. As the more





"WELL, PERKINS, DO YOU THINK YOU COULD LEARN TO DRIVE IT?"

uncertain among them said philosophically, "Annyways, we can't be more nor an hour asthray in aither direction."

Preliminary posters had done something to prepare the spectators for innovations in a programme that for years had never varied. Accustomed to the Potato Race (for heavyweights), to the Gretna Green Race (for hunters), even to the V.C. Race, reserved so inexplicably for "cobs ridden by ladies," the promise of "three DICKENS novelties" gave rise to much speculation. For days the house of the man they call "Bookey" FLYNN was besieged by callers, all of whom encouraged him to speak of the works of CHARLES DICKENS, just as hitherto they had refused to give him a hearing. For most of the leisure hours of Bookey's lifetime have been devoted to the reading of a book called *Great Expectations*, retrieved from behind an empty bookcase years earlier by an auctioneer's clerk and given to a man who passed it on to its present owner. But Bookey could not tell his friends anything about the DICKENS events except that *Great Expectations* was not the name of a horse, as they had believed; and that as yet he had only dipped into the other volume of his library, *David Copperfield* by the same author,

but had not come across a word about a Jumpkhana.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the presence of the usual "large and representative gathering" the familiar events took place, with the familiar incidents. Once again, amidst the furious shouts of his supporters, Mr. Leary's heavyweight, with the race as good as won, paused to examine a potato that had fallen in his path. "He do always make sthrange wid a spud," someone said. Again Miss Vi Hagan's grey cob resented bitterly the added weight of the dummy figure, plucked from an enclosure by Miss Vi herself and flung head downward before the saddle with a complete disregard of the probable feelings of any wounded man rescued in this manner.

After the V.C. race came the first of the DICKENS novelties—a *Sarah Gamp* Race, the programme said. In this event the sight of eight "grown men" pitching themselves from their mounts, wrestling with the strings of eight bonnets, unfurling eight umbrellas and galloping back with strings tied and umbrellas still open was quite enough, as a visitor from Kerry said, "to take the start of your two eyes, I ass-ure you." It was nothing, however, to the *Betsey Trotwood* Race, in which two

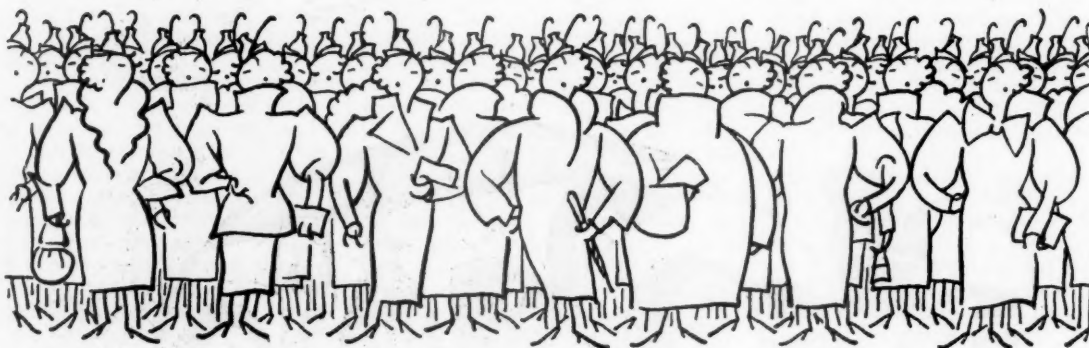
asses owned by the Hegartys were hustled from a succulent patch of grass by amateur cowboys, who quite upset the original scheme by arriving at the same instant instead of one at a time. "The right time to stop that stampede was before it started" was one verdict on the amazing flight of Hegarty's asses.

Last came the *Micawber* Race, and Bookey Flynn admitted that he had seen the name but could not remember anything about it. In this race, the programme said, competitors would ride to the end of the field, dismount, seize pencil and paper, add up a column of figures (in £ s. d.), race back and deliver the correct solution to the judge.

Encouraged by cheers, young Lacey succeeded in getting away on the home stretch far ahead of the others, and would have won easily had not one of the returning donkeys galloped across the course and collided violently with the bay. At the same instant Bookey's memory received a jolt. "I remember *Micawber* now," he shouted. "He was the fella that was always sayin' something would turn up." He glanced again at the recumbent figures and at the waving flashing hooves. "An', bedad, so it did!" he said delightedly.

D. M. L.

*Longman*



"... YOU'LL RECOGNISE ME BECAUSE I'LL HAVE ON MY NEW ROBIN HOOD HAT."

### Personal Equation

I HAVE had to speak before about the unsettling effect of the things I see on posters, whether they are or be aphorisms or whether they be or are novels in little.

Aphorisms, on the whole, cause me most concern. Yesterday evening I was sitting quietly by myself on top of a bus, doing nobody any harm and merely beating a little dust out of the upholstery, when the vehicle stopped and what did I see on a wall? This—

#### A KINDLY ACT IS WORTH A THOUSAND WORDS.

I propose to go into this, and the devil take the hindmost. Rouen, draw thy sword! Sam, Sam, pick up thy musket! Waiter, fourteen beers and a small piece of steak to place under the leg of the table!

And, waiter! surround me with trumpets. I wish to say Ha, ha.

Let us approach the subject warily from a mathematical or statistical angle, holding down its head with a forked stick such as can be obtained at any stationer's for a few pence.

*A kindly act is worth a thousand words.* Therefore—or rather . . . —*two kindly acts are worth two thousand words*: a newspaper short story, shall we say? probably about a man in evening-dress who murdered another man in evening-dress, only to find he had been watched the whole time by an Inspector of Police.

. . . (Do you suppose we could put that in italics this time, Printer?) . . . (Thanks) *four hundred kindly acts are worth that whacking great book that's just come out*, which Mr. GERALD GOULD said the other Sunday weighs between two and three pounds.

Q.E.D.? I'm not so sure. I question the mathematics of this poster-aphorist. His values seem to me odd.

Well, let's try it again, picking the feet well up and keeping the thumbs in line with the seam of the breastplate. *A kindly act is worth a thousand words.* Now, a thousand

words may be worth anything from about eleven bob, or a penny a line, upwards. It depends on the words. What sort of words is a kindly act worth a thousand of?

Alternatively, what sort of kindly act is it that we are discussing? Some kindly acts are a sight kindlier than others. Consider for a moment that very beautiful notice, THE PUBLIC ARE KINDLY REQUESTED NOT TO TOUCH. Now whether that means that the public are kindly requested, or that they are requested not to touch kindly, or that they are requested to be kind enough to refrain from touching (I think we've struck it there, lads), it doesn't seem to me that anybody connected with the notice is being conspicuously kind. Does it seem to you that compliance with that notice is worth as much as helping a lame Alsatian dog named Ch. Puff Puff over any kind of stile, assuming that Ch. Puff Puff wanted to get over the stile and hadn't the sense to crawl underneath it?

Of course you have to take into consideration the reason why Ch. Puff Puff would be wanting to get over the stile. It might be just exhibitionism. It might be a fancy to worry sheep, in which event it would be a kindly act to the owner of the sheep if you were to shoot Ch. Puff Puff with your little rook-rifle, if you had a little rook-rifle. It might be misguided enthusiasm on the part of Ch. Puff Puff—time and again I have known dogs want to come back as soon as they have been assisted anywhere. In that event I see no end to your activities for the day: you would just go on and on helping Ch. Puff Puff back and forth until kindness began to pall, or until he bit you.

Now if these kindly acts of yours to Ch. Puff Puff are worth a thousand words each—and that is without any allowance for the rook-rifle, which is probably ruined by being left in the hedge all day to get rusty—what sort of words?

Make no mistake, we are now in the throes of literary

economics. The word may be a mere pawn, but it is worthy of its pawn-ticket. Is our kindly act to be equal to a closely-printed column of the local *Argus* about a cattle-show, or to the first three-and-a-half pages of a new ERNEST HEMINGWAY sentence, with a fine fat participle rocketing up from every comma?

Any mathematician will tell you how risky it is to play about with a couple of variables, such as we have here.

$$x = 1000y$$

That's all very well, if the propounder of the equation is playing fair. Suppose  $x$ , the kindly act, is in his mind as some eminently Boy-Scoutish proceeding such as applying the bellows to a night-watchman's fire, and  $y$  is a word—perhaps "Chobliged"—spoken by the night-watchman. ( $z$  doesn't come into the equation at all, but just for your information it is Mr. W. W. JACOBS).

Very well. But now suppose as a governing condition that the night-watchman doesn't want any bellows applied to his fire. Automatically  $x$  becomes worthless, because it is no longer so kindly an act; but what about the other side of the equation? Each one of the night-watchman's subsequent words becomes suffused with a sort of radiance which raises the value of  $1000y$  to a height of nearly nine-and-a-half miles. What do we do now, Squadron-Leader SWAIN?

Enough. You see how bothered I get when I see such a thoughtless remark as this on a poster. The additional complication that it is also a line of blank verse I will not touch on. There are enough superfluous people in this article already without bringing in SHAKE-SPEARE too.

### Ballade of Devaluation

Lo! francs are down, both French and Swiss;  
Ask me not why—I cannot tell;  
Not mine the subtle artifice  
Of bargainers who buy and sell:  
I only know these changes spell  
Cheap tickets in the Paris train,  
Cheap rooms at the Lucerne hotel;  
The poor can go abroad again.

Let all whose fate it was to miss  
(Because that old exchange was hell)  
Their annual interlude of bliss  
In lands beyond the Channel's swell  
Hail with this bard of doggerel  
These marvels that the gods ordain:  
The pound it rose, the francs they fell;  
The poor can go abroad again.



"I SUPPOSE YOU HAVEN'T GOT A NICE LITTLE STATUE OF 'NEMESIS' SUITABLE FOR A POLICE-CAR MASCOT?"

Once more to see the sunshine kiss  
The seaward pines of Costebelle;  
Once more to hear the snow-wind hiss  
Down the long glens of Appenzell;  
To scale the Gothard crags with TELL  
Or jest with BALZAC in Touraine;  
Once more to tread the asphodel—  
The poor can go abroad again.

#### Envoi

Princess, we're ransomed from our cell,  
We are restored our lost domain;  
I'm off—and you shall come as well:  
The poor can go abroad again! H. B.

"The Chairman said defendant would be fined 40s. and his licence endorsed. If he did not mind he would be disqualified from driving altogether."—*Police Court News*.

"Disqualify me, by all means," replied the defendant courteously.

"DOG TIRED WITH LAUGHING AT THE PLAY."

*Theatre Advt., Daily Paper.*

And cow bored with jumping over the moon.



## At the Pictures

## BUTLERS, INDIANS AND GUNPOWDER

It would be useless to deny that the WILLIAM POWELL of *The Great Ziegfeld* and the WILLIAM POWELL of *My Man Godfrey* are the same person, because they are. WILLIAM POWELL is always WILLIAM POWELL. But in *My Man Godfrey* he has, I think, a better story to tell, and certainly a much shorter, and the subject matter is more to popular taste. European Jews who, from humble beginnings, materialise in New York into gorgeous and glittering showmen, are not wholly uninteresting; but their attractions pale beside those of a hairy hobo who is discovered by a pretty member of the Smart Set engaged in a Scavenger Hunt, and, being subsequently employed as a butler in the winner's wealthy home, is turned into a god-out-of-the-machine, disbursing benefactions, secretly saving the family's finances, and in the end marrying one of the spoiled daughters of the house.

Such is the plot of *My Man Godfrey*, and, like *Ruggles of Red Gap*, to which it has affinity, it prevails. But, except that both films prove how powerful and fairy-godmother-like a wise manservant can become, they differ in the circumstance that CHARLES LAUGHTON was always a butler, whereas *Godfrey*, or WILLIAM POWELL, a "forgotten" and disillusioned gentleman, became one in order to get even with Society. But both themes make, and always have made and will make, an appeal to the audience. We always fell for it and we always shall, just as we fell for *Kate Hardcastle*.

The acting of this romance is excellent. WILLIAM POWELL is, as I have said, himself: bland, suave, crisp and winning, extracting the fullest value from every word and gesture. There are well-played subsidiary parts too, but I thought that as *Cornelia*, GAIL PATRICK had been given too many contradictions to overcome. I must confess that I felt all through that this was the shrew whom *Godfrey* was eventually to tame and marry; and therefore I was surprised and even rather shocked when her sister *Irene* (CAROLE LOMBARD) carried him by storm just before the fade-out. Also I doubted it.

When, in *The Texas Rangers*, I saw plump *Wahoo Jones*, who is none other than our old friend JACK OAKIE behind a beard, riding beside the gaunt and lengthy *Jim Hawkins*, played by FRED

MACMURRAY, I thought we were in for a new Western version of *Don Quixote*; but we were emphatically not, for, far



## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

*Godfrey* . . . . . WILLIAM POWELL  
*Irene Bullock* . . . . CAROLE LOMBARD

from a *Sancho Panza*, except in cheerfulness and apophthegms, *Wahoo* was a dishonest stage-coach driver allied



## TEXAS TOUGHS

*Wahoo Jones* . . . . JACK OAKIE  
*Jim Hawkins* . . . . FRED MACMURRAY

to highwaymen ("George was in league with Beau Brocade") and *Hawkins* was one of the highwaymen who shared the swag; while both later joined the Texas Rangers with an eye to treachery and personal gain.

It is needless to say that, as JACK OAKIE has made himself a sympathetic figure to film audiences, and as FRED MACMURRAY is tall and "interesting," they both undergo a change of heart, *Wahoo* being shot on a dangerous lawful expedition and *Jim Hawkins*, after killing the villain ("Bring him in alive or dead," said the *Major*, who spends his time in giving orders, and also, to our great disapproval, saying "fertile" for "fertile"), falling to the wiles of *Amanda Bailey*, the *Major's* saccharine and adhesive daughter.

Seeing these twain as, at the end, they stand side by side (in mourning for *Wahoo*), I found myself recalling GUS ELEN's line, ". . . married to a feller who is six-foot-three, while she's only five-foot-two," and wondering if the same fate were in store for *Jim*. Probably. Certainly.

When I say that the picture deals first with the days when the Texas Indians had to be fought and beaten and forced into the Reservations, and later with the grafters who had taken possession of the State, it will be realised that firearms abound. In fact I never heard so many, nor have I ever seen so many men—red and white—fall from their steeds; while in the final duel between *Hawkins* (now converted to Government duty) and *Polka Dot* the outlaw, one of his old nefarious partners, the pistols used by them, although never reloaded, contain a miraculous supply of charges. All of which shows that Hollywood, in its search for novelty, has come full circle and is again testing our appetite for BILL HART. It will be interesting to see what film-goers think about it.

I personally found the story very unconvincing, and I fancy that *Wahoo* uses words and phrases which were not yet invented; but there are exciting moments when the Indians loosen boulders and send them crashing down the mountain-side, and the acting of *Polka Dot* (LLOYD NOLAN) is superb.  
E. V. L.

## Sic Transit Gloria Muni.

"ANOTHER GREAT ROLL FOR MUNI"  
Heading to Film Notes.

"WE FIX FLAT TYRES."  
Advt. in Motor Journal.

We take them off.

## The Name

THERE are only six houses in our road, and while Little Wobbley was a small undeveloped sort of place it didn't much matter that the road was unlabelled. Everybody knew that it was Oak Avenue, and strangers asking for L. Conkleshill at Little Wobbley station would be directed to take the first on the right by the "Black Boar" and turn left up Oak Avenue until they came to "The Raspberries." "But you might as well just peep into the saloon bar of the 'Black Boar' as you pass by," the ticket man would add kindly. "Mr. Conkleshill generally pops down for a quick one about now, and it may save you a journey."

Times have changed, however, and those old friendly days have gone for ever. Housing estates have sprung up, and Little Wobbley station has been enlarged. The friendly ticket-collector has been replaced by a sterner man, to whom L. Conkleshill is merely a hand that holds a battered "season." Friends coming to visit us inquire in vain for L. Conkleshill and start wandering round in circles looking for Oak Avenue. So we wrote to the Council and asked them if they would kindly stick up a label at the end of the road. Ever courteous, as is the habit of Councils, they sent a man along the following week, who nailed up a pretty blue-and-white plate bearing the words "Gothic Gardens."

"They have made a mistake," said Edith, laughing merrily. "I expect Gothic Gardens is one of the new roads up the other end, and the man has mixed the plates. Just phone the Council and tell them, will you?"

I phoned the Council, telling them I was L. Conkleshill of Oak Avenue, and that by mistake their myrmidon had labelled Oak Avenue "Gothic Gardens." Nobody knew anything about it, but they said they would write to me; and a couple of days later I received a letter telling me that there was no such road in Little Wobbley as Oak Avenue. Our road was down on the town plan as Gothic Gardens, and if it was popularly known as Oak Avenue, that was just our bad luck.

"I will write them a sarcastic letter," I said to Edith, "pointing out that this road has always been known as Oak Avenue, and that gas bills, electricity bills and income-tax demands have always been addressed to Oak Avenue."

I wrote the letter, and persuaded Colonel Hogg and the other residents to write similar letters, but the Council



"'E WON'T 'AVE IT."

"DIDN'T IT AMUSE HIM?"

"I'LL SAY IT DID—FELL OFF 'IS CHAIR LAUGHIN' AND 'E'S RICKED 'IS BACK!"

said they were very sorry to destroy our illusions, but there was no such road as Oak Avenue, and the sooner we reconciled ourselves to living in Gothic Gardens the better. The only alternative would be to get all the residents to sign a petition praying for the name of the road to be changed from Gothic Gardens to Oak Avenue. This would be considered at the next meeting of the Council and action taken in due course.

I had quite a lot of work with the petition. Colonel Hogg flatly refused to sign because he said he was not prepared to admit that he had ever lived in a road with the disgusting name of Gothic Gardens. I had to mellow him for two hours in the "Black Boar" before he yielded.

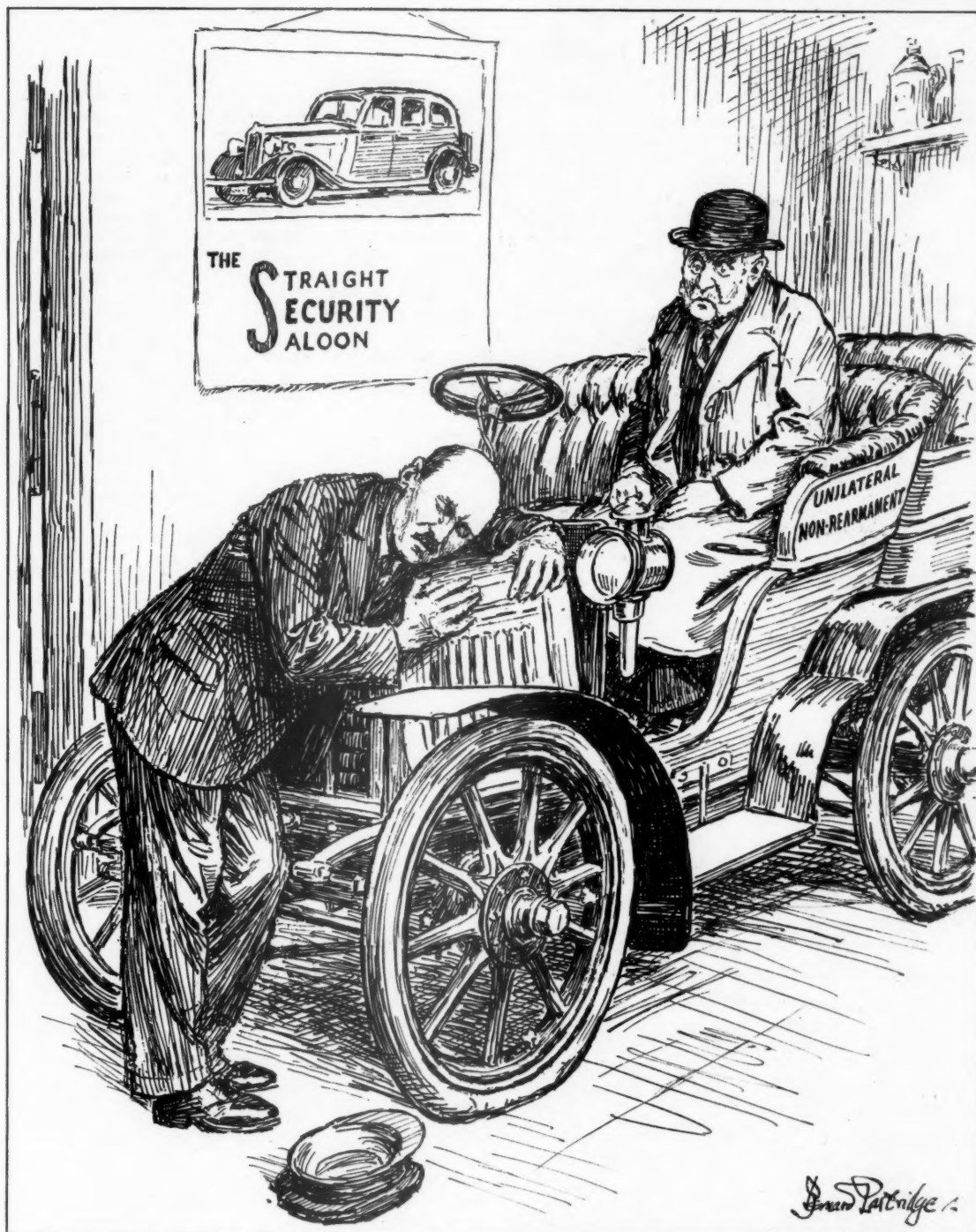
There were five signatures on the petition when I popped it through Johnson-Clitheroe's letter-box and Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe mistook it for a circular and burned it.

Eventually I managed to get a second copy signed, and sent it off just in time for the meeting of the Council. By return of post they informed me that the Council had duly considered our request, and as soon as they officially "took over" the road the name would be changed to Oak Avenue, subject to any objection by the residents.

They added that they would not be officially "taking over" the road until June, 1937, until when, of course, it would continue to be known as Gothic Gardens as heretofore.







### THE SOCIALIST'S FAREWELL TO HIS CAR

MR. LANSBURY. "MUST YOU SAY GOOD-BYE TO THE DEAR OLD BUS?"

MR. ATTLEE. "I'M AFRAID I MUST, GEORGE. BUT I SHALL CONTINUE TO FIND FAULT WITH THE NEW ONE."

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### The Mad Hatter

"Be an angel," said Mary after luncheon, "and come and help me do my clothes."

"What do you mean—'do' your clothes?" I asked, spooning the sugar out of my coffee-cup.

"Oh, *you* know—putting away my summer clothes and getting the winter ones out. It's so exciting!" she added with forced enthusiasm.

"Exciting?" I queried. "You must be very easily thrilled."

"I don't care what you say, I *do* think it's exciting," argued Mary, leading me by the arm upstairs, "to find out just how much the moths have eaten. Sometimes they save me pounds and pounds by not eating anything at all. And then one's clothes look so different, don't they? Most of them, in fact, are quite unrecognisable. It's like photographs."

"What's like photographs?" I patiently inquired.

Mary replied with her usual over-optimistic catchphrase. "Oh, *you* know! Whenever one sees an old photograph of oneself one's always wearing clothes one never had."

"Mary," I pleaded, "stop! You make me feel dizzy."

Mary's bedroom seemed singularly bleak and dreary after the comforting fug of the drawing-room. Both the windows were open wide and the sharp autumn air whistled playfully about our legs.

"Look," I began—"I really think I ought to go and see an aunt of mine. She's not been very well and—"

"Now, sit on the bed," interrupted Mary, "and we'll do the hats first."

"But I'm no help," I begged. "I shall only be in the way. What can I do?"

"You can sit on the bed."

I weakly acquiesced.

Mary flung open the wardrobe drawer, stood on a chair, and with a wide sweep of her arms gathered unto herself about thirty hats from the top shelf. Making a wobbly descent, she threw them with a sigh on to me and the bed.

"You must be very rich," I said huffily. "Few people nowadays can afford fifty hats a year."

"A year?" squeaked Mary. "These

hats you see before you stretch over a period of at least five years. This one, for instance," and she picked up an inchoate blob of brown felt, "I wore in 1930, I believe."

"Do you wear it now?" I asked in amazement.

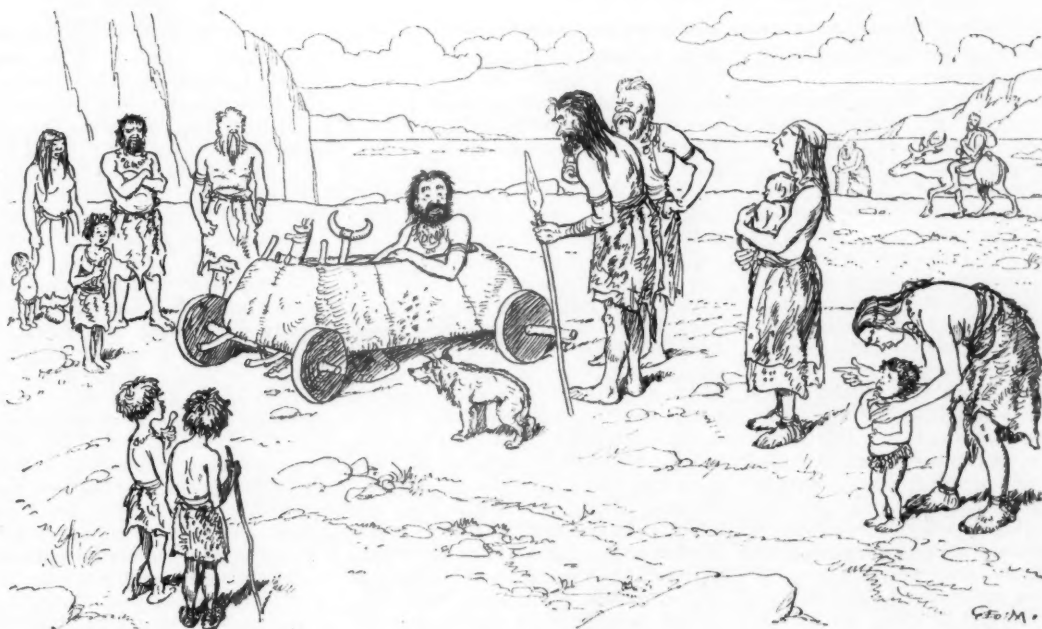
"Never," said Mary.

"Then why on earth don't you throw it away?"

"Well, I would," sighed Mary reflectively, "if it didn't seem so extraordinary to have a 1930 hat still in one's possession. I mean, it's the sort of thing one can talk about at dinner."

"And this one?" I inquired, removing a particularly unsavoury black wideawake from the pile. "Is this a legacy from CLEMENCEAU?"

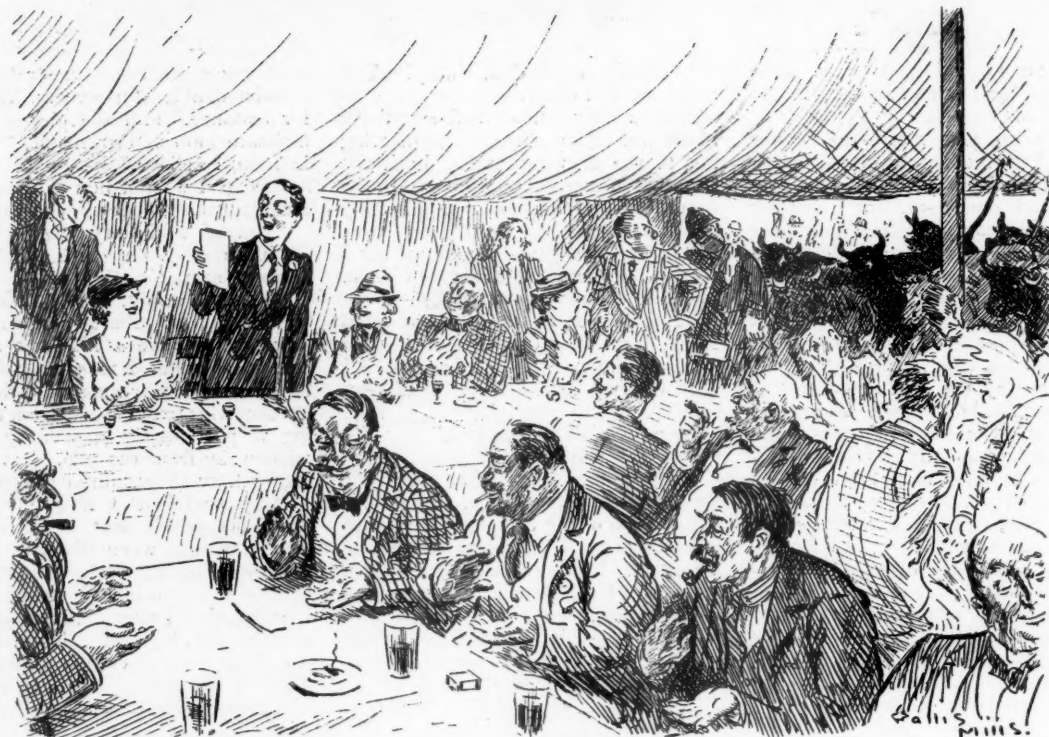
Mary snatched it from my hand. "Oh, I couldn't part with that! I was wearing it when Robert Cadogan proposed—not of course that anything came of it, but still . . ." She dropped it hurriedly. "I must say it's singularly unattractive, isn't it? However, keep it I simply must, for old sake's sake, whoever he was. Now, here's a hat I've never seen before."



OLYMPIA 10,000 B.C.

"I THINK MYSELF THIS IS THE BEST ONE I'VE MADE YET, AND IT WON'T BE SO HARD ON THE FEET WHEN THE ROADS ARE IMPROVED."





### OUR AGRICULTURAL SHOW LUNCHEON

"I THINK YOU WILL FIND THAT THE CATTLE ENTRY IS A CRASHING SURPRISE, EXCEEDING ALL OUR EXPECTATIONS."

Mary held up for my approval a battered blue straw.

"You can have it if you like," she said graciously. "Try it on."

I obeyed, because it seemed the easiest thing to do.

"That's marvellous!" she said cheerfully, looking at me with her head on one side. "The brim's a bit wavy, but I dare say someone could iron it out for you. If you had the crown pinched in at the back and bought a new bit of ribbon to go round it, and perhaps had a new lining, the hat would be as good as new."

"My dear Mary!" I remonstrated crossly, "it *would* be new."

Paying no attention to my peevishness, Mary continued to sort her hats, pouncing joyfully on a Tam-o'-shanter she had worn as a child; showing me with glee a highly unhygienic bowler in which she assured me she had dazzled the world the first winter she came out; smiling mysteriously over a dirty pork-pie hat, and laughing uncontrollably at the sight of a mauve tulle affair which had, so it appeared, been browsed upon by death-watch beetles.

"This," said Mary, balancing a large

white linen hat on the top of her head, "I bought at a sale. Because it was so cheap," she kindly explained. "It was always sizes too small, and I don't believe it would have suited me anyhow."

"Why do you keep it then?" I was becoming extremely cold and proportionately annoyed.

"It's the sort of hat that might one day be useful," answered Mary. "Not as a hat, of course, but as something else. I read in the papers that somebody had hung Dolly Varden bonnets on velvet ribbons all the way round her room, filled them with flowers and wheat and vegetables and—"

"If you are going to hang this disgusting hat on a piece of elastic from a nail in the drawing-room wall," I shouted, rising wrathfully from the bed, "and stick two leeks and a bunch of chrysanthemums and some mushrooms in it, let me tell you"—and here I tried to look particularly menacing,—"let me tell you I go out of your life for ever."

"This was a Tyrolean confection," said Mary brightly, brushing me aside and popping dark-green felt on to

her head. "I bought it in America, and it had a feather, but a man called Al Rosenthawtz tore it out one day and tickled me under the chin with it, and then somehow it got lost."

"I'm not interested in your American philanderings," I replied with hauteur, "and I think the hat's awful."

"Still, I must keep it, to remind me of the trip."

"Are there *any* you are going to throw away?" I asked. "Because I really must be getting along, and I don't see how I can advise you as to which to keep and which not, if you intend keeping them all."

Mary nodded understandingly.

"Good heavens, I'm sorry!" she said. "I am such a selfish brute. Of course, take one, darling, or two—as many as you like. Naturally, I don't need to keep them all. I'm just thoughtless, that's what's the matter with me."

I hastened to reassure her.

"It's sweet of you, Mary," I cried, "but really I've got hundreds of hats at home. And then you've given me this lovely blue straw which will look divine next summer with my blue *imprimé*."

"But——" began Mary.

"Nonsense! Of course you must keep your old hats. After all, to me they mean nothing, whereas for you each holds a secret, a tender memory of days gone by, a—well, anyhow, you *must* keep them."

In order that there should be no further discussion on the matter, I sprang to action and, seizing all the specimens of headgear I could lay hands on, I leapt on to a chair and crammed them back into the wardrobe.

Mary looked shamefaced. "I know it's silly of me, but *you* know."

"Why, naturally," I said comfortingly. "Everybody has her little weaknesses. And one never knows. Perhaps your hats will one day be of immense value to the country. They may be commandeered to be turned into boot-bags for the troops, or anything. I should most certainly keep them."

"Yes, for a rainy day," agreed Mary, smiling gratefully. "And now let's do the dresses. Oh!" she squealed as I streaked down the stairs, "why don't you stay and do the dresses with me?"

I quickly opened the front-door. "Oh, *you* know!" I shouted, and I went outside and banged the door behind me.

V. G.

## Gorm and Squinchler

ALTHOUGH at Harchester John Gorm Reached, ere he left, the highest form, He quitted that illustrious college Without much marketable knowledge. He had his chances, but no luck; He always managed to come unstuck; Each innings ended in a blob, He never could hold down a job; Till finally he took his stand As a pedlar of matches along the Strand. And yet it was this sordid trade That placed him on the upward grade, When Squinchler in passing was much impressed

By the curious placard on his chest, Proclaiming his "Promethean mission" As "Vendor of Vestas for safe ignition." For Squinchler, a man of ample means Acquired by the culture of Soya beans, Had specialised in the cheap production Of aids to facial reconstruction, But lacked the literary skill That gilds and glorifies the pill. Eager to strike while the iron was hot, He offered a partnership on the spot To Gorm on the terms: "I make the stuff

And you provide the publicity bluff."

The venture was amply justified And Gorm was launched on a flowing tide—

Witness the wonderful mushroom growth (Which brought prestige and fortune to both)

Of Squinchler's "Kallinikian Courts," Where the world of fashion daily resorts To undergo the operation Of "Physiognomic Elevation" Or "Superciliar Extirpation" Along with "Purpureal Ungulation" And "Perfect Labial Rubrication"— Thus proving by practical demonstration

That Latin, though down in the final ditch,

Is able to make a poor man rich; For, though its study engenders tedium,

It's a first-rate advertising medium.

C. L. G.

## Back to Clockwork

"PROVINCIAL TRAMWAYS TO BE WOUND UP"

Headline in Motor Paper.

## Distressing Accident to a Poet

"THE WIND BLOWS OVER  
WALTER DE LA MARE"  
Publisher's Advt.



"ER—MY WIFE."

## At the Play

### "LAUGHTER IN COURT" (SHAFTESBURY)

As its title suggests, *Laughter in Court* has for its central Act the Court of Admiralty, Probate and Divorce, and the private home of *Lady Reeve* (Miss YVONNE ARNAUD) is very much the merest ante-chamber to the Divorce Court.

The excitements in her sitting-room derive all their point from their character as evidence, and as soon as we see, as we do at the very beginning, how much suppressed maliciousness the tight-lipped butler, *Thomson* (Mr. CLAYTON GREENE), is capable of, we expect lively denunciation and counter-denunciation when at length the case comes on. But only *Lady Reeve's* young son, *Anthony* (Mr. ANTHONY BRUCE), is in real deadly earnest, with the inverted priggishness of the very modern, and both *Lady Reeve* and her first husband, *Edward Cruikshank* (Mr. RONALD SQUIRE), although they would like to remarry if only *Sir George Reeve* (Mr. EVELYN ROBERTS) can be got out of the way, do not insist too much.

Mr. RONALD SQUIRE plays with his usual suavity the character of a minor novelist, a man who, if he cannot get what he likes, quite easily contrives to like what he can get. *Sir George* is a very different creature—insensitive and blundering, but forceful and for ever possessing himself of things which he does not enjoy as he had hoped. One of these disappointing possessions is *Lady Reeve*, who has finished with him long before the curtain goes up. *Sir George* will not divorce her because he dislikes her first husband so much. But incriminating evidence turns up very opportunely to make *Sir George* himself the offending party.

When we discover that the charm

of *Lady Reeve* exercises its sway over no less a key figure than *Sir James Granville*, the President of the Divorce Court (Mr. EDWARD BREON), we feel

be much younger and more alert than they are. He behaves like a young buck, but his charm in the drawing-room is not matched by authority in his court.



### A COMPROMISING SUIT

*Sir George Reeve* . . . . . Mr. EVELYN ROBERTS  
*Edward Cruikshank* . . . . . Mr. RONALD SQUIRE



### THE KNOWING COUPLE

*Lady Reeve* . . . . . Miss YVONNE ARNAUD  
*Sir James Granville* . . . . . Mr. EDMOND BREON

that the legal proceedings should be as simple as it is in their nature to be. If we have misgivings, it is because *Sir James* seems to be one of those judges who are for ever pretending to

in a witness-box saving the judge's reputation, she does not need the grinding of the wheels of legal machinery to give her scope to charm away an evening.

D. W.

Legal pedants will find a good deal to quarrel with in the Court scene, because dramatists cannot have patience with the law's delays and must move their figures in and out of the witness-box to provide a brisk show. The humour of the Court scene is, in fact, very near buffoonery, and nowhere more so than on the very seat of judgment.

In its First and Third Acts this play coruscates. There is a deliberate neatness and a metallic sparkle in the lines that Miss ARNAUD and Mr. SQUIRE fling so deftly at each other, but they carry it off easily enough. The opposed K.C.'s, played by Mr. AUBREY DEXTER and Mr. WILFRID CAITHNESS, bring a note of burlesque, and both of them will, in their separate ways, obviously be suitable candidates for eccentric judge-ships one day.

To say that there is little substance in the situations, and that it never matters from the beginning to the end what the law decides, nor even what the parties concerned feel at the moment can give them most pleasure, would be to give a wholly false impression of the great success of this play as a light-hearted entertainment. It is always alive and pleasantly quick-moving. Miss ARNAUD, as anyone who has seen her on stage or screen will readily agree, does not need elaborate or carefully-planned scenes to enable her to hold her audiences. She can be wilful, original and witty over the smallest of domestic upsets, and while she naturally shows to advantage



"THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH"  
(PHOENIX)

I remain an intransigent believer in the sanctity of the fourth wall. In my view the orchestra-pit should be as inviolable a moat as that isolating the Polar bears on the Mappin Terraces, and dramatists should recognise that they pay a heavy price in lost illusion every time they drag a character on to the stage by way of the audience. It may, I admit, give one a momentary thrill to discover that the angry lady who has just dashed up to the stage to rip in pieces the good name of the old squire is actually the highly-coloured blonde who had seemed to be sleeping so soundly in the next stall, or that it is the old gentleman in front, showing all the signs of enjoying an evening on his own, who has rushed sobbing into the spotlight to damn himself a murderer and a cad; but the thrill passes quickly, leaving behind a sickly feeling that the whole business is a sad sham for parting fools from their money. And that is a very cynical and unworthy definition of the theatre.

The action of the play which has stirred me to these petulant remarks takes place in a New York court of law, the three Acts being three successive sessions in the trial of a hardish lady named *Karen Andre* for shooting and subsequently hurling off a skyscraper her employer and lover, an expensive egotist who had been thought a king of commerce until he was proved to be only a prince of swindlers. He had not survived the fall.

Twelve members of the audience, having applied for the privilege, were given seats in the jury-box and the sum of three dollars each, in return for which they were invited towards the end of the Third Act to retire and arrive at a verdict, one of several endings being afterwards used. Our twelve appeared to take their position rather gravely, looking, indeed, quite like the central section of any Conservative platform; but this is surely an experiment fraught with serious dangers to the smooth presentation of the play. If it should run till the spring, and I fear it will not, the credentials of bearded citizens of muscular aspect

will have to be very carefully vetted on Boat-Race Night.

We in the auditorium were supposed

to be in the body of the court, and there was therefore a good deal of coming and going. Personally I can hardly see too much of the quaint humours of American legal procedure, and here we were treated to two able counsel playing their game of poker-bluff with vigour and distinction, sounding at times as if they were addressing not a dozen dazed householders but a hundred thousand ardent storm-troops, and at others as if they were lady-novelists dictating a purple chapter.

Mr. EDWARD ROBINS and Mr. GRANDON RHODES exhibited the forensic box of tricks, American pattern, excellently; Miss PHOEBE FOSTER's playing of *Karen* was a skilful piece of melodramatic acting; Mr. GRANT MILLS scored a decided success with his sketch of a gangster with an old school tie, and there were several sound minor performances.

The cast, in fact, scored more marks than the play, which, in spite of good moments—I liked the spot-lit repetition during the jury's absence of vital sentences in the evidence—failed to keep up a sufficient tension and petered out in a most arbitrary curtain.

The case being nightly *sub judice*, I must withhold my own opinion as to whether *Karen* did or did not putt the weight with her employer. ERIC.

### Air for Strings

STRIKE the strings and let there be Little sounds that sing to me.

Flighting pigeons, soft applause,  
Unchecked moan of yawning jaws,  
Thrusting needle pricking through  
Nursery cotton stiff and new;  
Whimpered ecstasy and grunt,  
Sleeping spaniel dreams the hunt,  
Taps that still the tuning notes,  
Reedy songs in childish throats,  
Country boots along the lane,  
Wind-blown laughter in the rain.  
Lift the pipe and softly blow  
Music I shall always know.

"After the market closed the Bank of France announced its willingness to sell gold—but only in small bits of £50,000,000."  
*Daily Paper.*

Tchah! They can keep it for the collection.



THE PRISONER ADMITS SHE COULD COMMIT MURDER.  
PROSECUTING ATTORNEYS OBVIOUSLY PREFERRED AS VICTIMS.  
*Karen Andre* . . . . . Miss PHOEBE FOSTER  
*District-Attorney Flint* . . . . . Mr. EDWARD H. ROBINS



HOT DETAILS FROM SVENSON  
FROM SVEDEN  
*Magda Svenson* . . . Miss INGA HILL



Friend. "OFF TO YOUR DARTS, DEARS?"

### Mr. Silvertop Takes the Stage.

"THE theatre," said Mr. Silvertop, igniting a small black drain of a pipe, "as a glamour what you can't deny, but as a place to earn your living in it's the chanciest billet of the lot. And that's saying something.

"I tried it once as 'Chips' to a big theatre in the Midlands. The play they 'ad coming off was one of them reel gloomy drammers with two hours 'ard crying guaranteed and 'arf-an-hour's goofy business in the moonlight to dry 'ankies and go 'ome on. The 'eroine started off quite cheerful living with 'er parents and a bunch of brothers and all set for coupling up with the 'ead of the local fire-brigade. But talk about 'Appy Families! You wouldn't believe the narsty ways that there playwright 'ad thought up for making little 'Etty a brotherless orphan by the end of the Second Act. 'Er Pa left 'is 'ead too near a tiger at the circus, 'er Ma put up 'er umbrella on top of St. Paul's in a gale, and one after another 'er pore ruddy brothers slid into mixing machines and rivers

and stray bundles of dynamite. And on top of it all Percy the 'ead fire-bloke disappeared, and the coppers swore 'e'd been done in by a rick-burning gang. I need 'ardly tell you that the last Act opened on 'Etty sobbing 'er 'eart out in the cottage sitting-room, and that 'oo should 'op through the window but Percy, followed by all the moonlight the electricians could manage.

"Well, the 'ouse was fair packed the opening night, and them first two Acts got the 'ole audience a-sneivelling something lovely. Apart from a stuffocating cold in the 'ead, I was enjoying myself no end. 'Etty was played by a pretty little piece, and a tall dashing chap with fine big whiskers took Percy. The only fault you could find was a squeak what began in one of the boards, and in the second interval the Stage Manager tells me to 'ave a go at it. I'd 'ad it up and was just tacking it down again when to my 'orror I 'ears the winch going what raised the curtain. 'Ere, 'arf-a-mo! I shouted, but with no more warning the battens click on and the curtain begins to go up. There was only one thing to do, it being a box-set, and I 'ad about a second to

do it—I 'opped into a little open cupboard at the side of the stage and screwed myself be'ind a coat of young 'Etty's, telling myself a number of 'ome-truths about that there Stage Manager.

"As luck would 'ave it the audience was too took up with 'Etty coming on to spot me. I knew the perishing play backwards and I figured out the worst moment would be in a couple of minutes when 'Etty would cross to look through 'er pockets for a photo of 'er Pa's to 'ave a good mush over. So when I 'ears 'er a-tottering across the stage towards me and blubbing, 'Ow could that 'orrid tiger go and swallow my pore dear Dad?' I lets 'er 'ave it in a good sharp whisper. To 'er credit she kept 'er 'ead and just slipped the photo out gently. That was when I sneezed for the first time."

Mr. Silvertop re-kindled his pipe thoughtfully and paused a moment, savouring the past.

"Poor 'Etty jumps like a scalded cat, but as the audience thinks my sneeze is 'ers it doesn't reelly matter. 'Ave you ever 'ad to fight a big go of sneezing? I thought I was a-going to burst, but sneeze I just 'ad to, and

as it 'appened never at what you might call the best moments of the play. When Percy comes in and they gets their first clinch over and 'Etty sobs 'No one 'asn't been near me for a week,' I couldn't 'elp letting out an 'ell of a sneeze what nearly knocked the side off the cupboard, and when Percy tells 'er 'ow wonderful it is to be alone with 'er at last I goes and lets out another. After that Percy keeps 'is 'anky 'andy and does 'is best to act my sneezes, but it's very 'ard to do.

"All the same we might 'ave got away with the sneezing. What I couldn't get away with was cramp. After five minutes I was suffering something crool, and I knew there was fifteen more to go. I 'adn't an inch to spare, mind you, and my legs felt as if a blow-lamp was a-playing on 'em. I was beginning to wonder if I could stick it another 'arf-minute when suddenly bits of my early life begins nipping across my mind like as if I was drowning, and I thinks to myself, 'Ere, this isn't good enough, out you get, play or no play, afore you 'as a stroke!"

"Well, the way I looked at it was, if I was to creep out on all-fours looking a proper fool I'd muck up the 'ole show, but if I was to step on as though I meant it I'd give the Act a bit of a flip, which to my mind it needed. So I waits till 'Etty and Percy are in the middle of one of their long silent clinches and out I comes as bold as the cramp'll let me. I'd got my words all thought out.

"'Ere!' I cries, and they near 'ops out of their skins. 'If you can spare a moment, I'm just a common burglar what's been in 'iding with an optic on the spoons, but love as 'eavenly as yours brings 'ome to a pore bloke 'ow 'orribly wicked 'is path 'as been. So I'm a-going to give myself up,' I ses, broken-like, making for the exit. You could 'ave 'eard a pin drop. The audience was lapping it down like cream. And then, would you believe it? as I goes off I lets out a sneeze what roars round the 'ouse like a blistering eighteen-pounder.

"That there sneeze," said Mr. Silvertop simply, "was where that particular play met its end, and my career in the profeshun joined it about 'arf-a-minute later. *Chancy?* Like 'ell it is!" ERIC.

#### You Have Been Warned.

##### COLLECTION OF RAW MATERIALS FOR HANDWORK

Teachers are reminded that the present is the proper time for the collecting of the pingao and kakaho, which are used in tuku-tuku work."

*New Zealand Educational Paper.*



"GOOD 'EAVENS! HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN ON THAT LEDGE?"  
"WHY, IS IT PRIVATE?"

#### "Shot"

ONCE, when October rains  
Like Spring showers spattered  
(Pass me the game-book, lad)  
From a windy sky  
And heavy was the going  
In the rutted rides—  
Not that it mattered—  
I had an eye.  
(Yes, it's the same book, lad—  
Old, brown and battered)  
We know it, Shot and I.

Here's a pied record—look:  
Good days and ill days,  
Holidays and jolly days,  
Quiet week-ends,  
Days when the stubble  
Cracked with frost,  
Moorland days, and hill days,  
Alone—with friends—

Blankly melancholy days,  
Full days and *nil* days.  
The best? Well, that depends.  
Eh, Shot? The best of days?  
They say the late-cut clover  
Dried has the sweetest scent;  
I mind one long day's close—  
Yes, *you* remember that, you scamp—  
I got hare left, cock over  
(How the bronze rocket rose!)—  
Shot! Shot! And in you went  
Dashing through the cover;  
That's finished, I suppose.  
Finished? The October rain  
Blows in gusts and sneezes  
Out of the October sky.  
Catch pneumonia? Rot!  
He can huddle a-fireside  
These brown days who pleases,  
But I will not!  
We'll hear again the pheasant cry  
"Kut! Kut!" if it freezes.  
Finished? Ask Shot!



## "Little Fleas Have Lesser Fleas . . ."

WHEN I first knew John he was a rather shy, very handsome and completely charming undergraduate. That was eight years ago. John has now turned up again. He is still shy (in rather a different way), still very handsome (also in a different way) and completely charming (in the same way). But there has been a subtle alteration in the world's evaluation of John. Whereas in the old days his commercial value (like mine) was a rather large *minus* amount, I now understand that they pay him two hundred a week to be charming in films. Frankly, I find it a little difficult to follow the world's reasoning. Not, let me hasten to add, that I do not think John is worth two hundred a week. People as nice as John are an asset to the community, and as there are about 48,000,000 people in the community, John only works out at about one-thousandth of a penny a week each all round, which is cheap. The only thing which puzzles me is how, if

John (1928)=£-300 a year,  
John (1936) + moustache can =  
£+200 a week.

Still, it's very nice for him and I am very glad. At least I was very glad until yesterday, when I happened to be reading about film stars and realised that they were Always in Financial Difficulties. I suppose it was very thoughtless of me, but it had never occurred to me that John was in want. But it appears that he almost certainly is. When he came to see me he must just have been being brave and concealing it.

It came to me thus. "One of the leading business managers in the film

industry" has given an interview in which he gives details of the expenditure of a "typical £200-a-week film player." Apparently John would work about forty weeks a year, giving him £8,000, which seems fair enough. But then he pays:—

	£
Booking Agent's fee (10%)	.. 800
Taxes .. .. .	.. 800
Business Manager .. .. .	.. 400
Publicity .. .. .	.. 240
Wardrobe (professional) .. .. .	.. 400
Make-up and incidentals, wigs..	.. 100
Studio maid or valet .. .. .	.. 200
Advertising .. .. .	.. 200

This totals £3,140, so the wretched John is left with only about £5,000. "Of this," we are told, "not more than £60 a week should go on living expenses, the other £30 being saved for holidays, retirement or both."

I think the reader will agree that this is a pathetic picture. It brings home to one just what a famous screen-star meant when he said the other day that many Hollywood stars were "being driven off their heads by financial worries." After all, if you have to scrape along on £60 a week and can't afford to put more than thirty pounds a week in the little box labelled "Holidays, Retirement, or Both. . . ." But quite apart from the pathos of the thing, the list is interesting and, to the layman, rather puzzling. One can understand Studio Maid or Valet cost £200; Make-up and incidentals seem cheap at £100. They cost me that, even though neither Mary nor I buy a lot of wigs. Further, Taxes at £800 look, if anything, an underestimate. It is the other items which seem a bit odd. There is, for example, Publicity £240 and Advertising £200. This seems a subtle distinction. One always understood that film stars had to pay somebody to steal their jewels

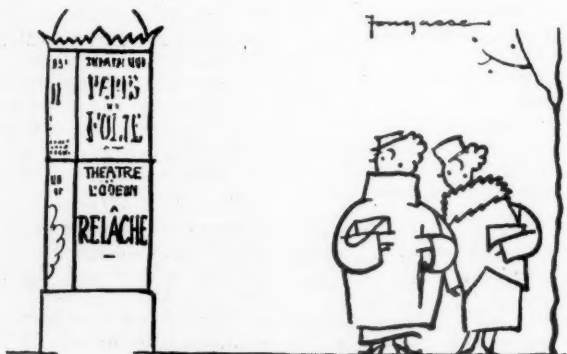
or have their children kidnapped, but if this is Publicity, what is Advertising? and if this is Advertising what is Publicity? I suppose there is a professional distinction. The Advertising people arrange for John to be met by the Mayor and Corporation and the Publicity arrange to have him knocked down by cabs. And if he asks the Publicity people to do the cab or the Advertising people to fix up the Mayor they draw themselves up and say it isn't their work. It must need a lot of tact to keep them sorted out.

Then again—the Booking Agent and the Business Manager. I suppose their job is to see that he gets contracts. But what do they do when they have once got him signed up for the next five years? And anyhow, if one of them gets £800 a year for doing it, what does the other get £400 a year for doing? Seeing that he does? I mean to say, on that basis, how about another lad at two hundred a year to see that the first two aren't in league on some dirty business?

Again, that "Wardrobe (professional) £400" item. I suppose an actor *does* have to have a lot of clothes. But I always imagined that if the thing went too "costume" the management bought them. Surely, if you suddenly have to appear in doublet and hose you don't just go out and buy them like that? And how often do you appear in doublet and hose, anyway? So far I have seen John in two films. In the first he was an escaped convict in an outfit which one could have bought in the Caledonian Road for ten shillings, and in the other he just wore a suit. Two suits, to be exact. So at a modest estimate he still has about £374 10s. of this year's wardrobe allowance left. Perhaps that goes to eke out the thirty pounds a week for "Holidays, Retirement, or Both."

Later. I have made inquiries and I have found out about the Business Manager. "Most film actors nowadays," I am informed, "employ business managers who in return for a charge of five per cent. of the salary, guarantee to take financial worries off the player's shoulders. They ensure that he lives within his means and puts something by for a rainy day."

Well, reader, John's only getting £8,000 a year, but he's a nice quiet boy with simple tastes. With my business ability I think I can make his ends meet. Good-bye. Address all letters "Business Manager to John Jones, Blunkhem Studios." This is the job I've been looking for ever since the beer-tasting proposition fell through.



"ANYWAY, I WOULDN'T TAKE THE GIRLS TO IT TILL YOU'VE SEEN IT YOURSELF."



*Irish Housemaid.* "I WISHT YE WAS TWINS. THEN YE COULD TALK T' EACH OTHER."

### The Meeting

It wasn't on the beach at Bali-Bali  
 And it wasn't anywhere near Waikiki  
 Or even in the gloaming in Wyoming  
 Or in Dixie, Caroline or Tennessee,  
 Or any of the far romantic places  
 That all the dance-bands like to take us to,  
 But I met you on a wet November evening  
 In the L.M.S. refreshment-room at Crewe.

You ate a currant-bun and I a sandwich;  
 I rather think we both of us drank tea;  
 No doubt the talk was mainly on the weather,  
 But I know you said your age was sixty-three.  
 Then afterwards I caught a train to Bristol  
 And you went on to—was it Inverness?  
 As the subject for a sentimental dance-tune  
 Our meeting wouldn't prove a great success. M. H.



"YOUR HUSBAND DOESN'T SEEM SO WELL."  
 "NO, SIR. IT'S TAKING THE MEDICINE TWICE A DAY AFTER MEALS. TWO MEALS A DAY DON'T SEEM TO SUIT HIM, HIM BEING USED TO FOUR."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### More Welsh Wizardry

ONCE more the Welsh Wizard is busied with his spell-making. In the fifth volume of his *War Memoirs* (IVOR NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 21/-), Mr. LLOYD GEORGE proves triumphantly that his hand has not lost its cunning nor his critical faculty its barbed edge. The sheer vitality of a septuagenarian who can fill more than three thousand pages with closely-packed arguments and brilliant portrait-studies is at least as astounding as is his effortless mastery of special pleading. There is so much here for the sober historians to cavil at that the less instructed reader may very well content himself with the exciting narrative of the March Retreat in 1918 and the events leading up to FOCH's assumption of the supreme command. Perhaps, however, the most notable achievement in this volume, and one that causes it to stand out from all the others, is the brilliant and sympathetic portrait of the ferocious old "TIGER." Here, indeed, is CLEMENCEAU, warts and all. For others whose sense of duty compelled them to dissent from his own very positive opinions L. G. has small mercy and far too much contempt. But I am glad he does belated justice to General GOUGH's courageous conduct of the March Retreat. This is a fierce, a breathless and provocative book.

#### The Sick Man Convalescent

To describe *The Making of Modern Turkey* (MACMILLAN, 10/6) Sir HARRY LUKE has exactly the necessary qualifications. As administrator and traveller he has known the country long and intimately; his style is nicely suited to lucid exposition, and his sense of proportion, of the significance and relative value of events, is perfect. To have made clear, in little over two hundred pages, the complex story of all that happened between the fall of Byzantium and the rise of Angora is a miracle which he has accomplished with an astonishing appearance of ease. Certain features of his book, where all is interesting and nothing irrelevant, may be particularly noted. One is the insistence on the essential continuity between the Byzantine and the Ottoman scheme of things. Another is the penetrating and impartial survey of the position of the Christian peoples under Moslem rule, a field from which the author's realism should succeed in dispersing those vapours of Gladstonian rhetoric which still envelope so many political heads. And thirdly there emerges the remarkable fact of the very small part which, until MUSTAFA KEMAL came, the Turk, as distinct from his rulers, was allowed in the management of his own destiny. The unspeakable was really the inarticulate. "Paradoxical though it may sound, it is none the less the truth that the Turks were the last of the subject races of the Ottoman Empire to achieve their national emancipation." Territorial loss has been national gain, and Sir HARRY LUKE regards the Turanian experiment in self-expression with sympathy and reasoned optimism.



## Chawbacon

*Annals of Maychester*, these will please;  
 They're by S. L. BENSUSAN.  
 Some seventy thumb-nail bits are these  
 Which prompt their author to use  
 an  
 Idiom of the Essex fen,  
 Doric of Sleepy Hollow,  
 Which "furriner" men just now and  
 then  
 Find a difficult tongue to follow.

The author has got for *names* a flair;  
 His "literary chickens"  
 Come out of their eggs as though they  
 were  
 The chickens of Mr. DICKENS.  
 Here's *Bunce* and *Woodpecker*, *Garp*  
 and *Miggs*—  
 Good folk of the dykes and ditches,  
 And *Blite*, who prigs and "cossets"  
 pigs,  
 While *Martha Wospottle* a witch is.

This book of the Essex clod and clown  
 Is one for an idle minute;  
 You may pick it up and put it down,  
 For every tale that's in it  
 Is light as ever a trifle is,  
 Yet each is a gem and written  
 With the elegancies. From ROUT-  
 LEDGE'S  
 Are these bits of Ancient Britain.

## Justice to Voltaire

It is natural perhaps for the religious-minded to see little or no distinction between an anti-clerical and an atheist—yet the distinction is of cardinal importance. It is the keynote of Mr. ALFRED NOYES' *Life of Voltaire* (SHEED AND WARD, 12/6)—one of the finest pieces of sustained critical biography I have recently encountered—which lifts that singular free-lance clean out of the rationalist camp that claims him and shows his affinity with the devout who reject him. It is true honest critics have set this ball rolling before. SAINTSBURY quotes the opening of VOLTAIRE's own asseveration, that "*écrasez l'Infâme*" meant "crush superstition," which concludes "*car pour la religion, je l'aime et la respecte*." But here this grand refutation is the burden of a whole book whose delightful narrative, easy assemblage of authorities and charming translations of incomparable light verse do the scholar and poet as much credit as the charitable outlook does the believer. I still feel, however, that VOLTAIRE shirked the central problem of Christianity. Like ZACCHEUS, he was not big enough to see his Master for the crowd; and unlike ZACCHEUS he took no steps to supplement his natural stature.

## A Wodehouse Vice Versa

I predict that Sir JAMES JEANS, who for some time has had it pretty well all his own way in the regions where noughts are noughts, will find the fourth dimension a very different place now that Mr. P. G. WODEHOUSE has invaded it with



Fare. "DID YOU SAY THIRTY-TWO PIASTRES? IT LOOKS UNCOMMONLY LIKE TWENTY-THREE TO ME."

Taxi-driver. "EXCUSE, IF YOU PLEASE, BUT SOMETIME MY EYE GO ALL SQUINT AN' I SEE 'IM FRONTWAYS TO THE BACK."

such conspicuous success. *Laughing Gas* (JENKINS, 7/6) is the most readable treatise on the remoter mathematics which has yet come my way, and the simplicity with which the vile bodies of young *Lord Havershot* and *Joey Cooley*, the infant leader of Hollywood Society, swapped their essential spirits while anaesthetised in the neighbouring rooms of two dentists, only goes to show what a menace Mr. WODEHOUSE might have been in the mathematical department of the academic world. It is not often that an English peer discovers himself in knickerbockers and close custody as the chief asset of a film corporation, nor is it frequent for a small boy of ruthless character and revengeful mind to awaken to the tenancy of an outsize in bodies equipped with a right-hook none can withstand. You will probably wonder, as I did, why no one noticed that the heroes failed to exchange their idiom with their bodies; and you may or may not agree with me that the scene in which the three teetotal gangsters dispute the aesthetics of film-production is one of Mr. WODEHOUSE's peak points.

### "Little Burney"

The authoress of *Evelina*, usually half-glimpsed behind the shade of Dr. JOHNSON or a row of her celebrated works, deserves reviving on her own account—more especially as she is, for a diarist, unusually retiring. The pleasure she found in "plopping down" her thoughts produced less intimate self-revelation than it would have done in a less reticent age; and I cordially agree with Mr. CHRISTOPHER LLOYD that a full-dress biography of *Fanny Burney* (LONGMANS, 10/6) is overdue. Here, then, it is—in the main of course woven of the well-known JOHNSON-THRALE-Prozzi strands, but gratefully drawn out at its obscurer ends to retail the adventurous rise of the BURNLEY family and the end of the famous little scion who lived on into the fourth year of VICTORIA. The Johnsoniana are well and truly handled, and the famous *affaire* THRALE finds Mr. LLOYD's touch light and his judgment equitable. But FANNY's life as a maid-of-honour covers less trampled ground; and her still less-known Continental sojourns as Madame D'ARBLAY—with the Brussels of Waterloo thrown in—is to my mind the happiest span of a graceful, genial and discerning biography.

*Ingasson*



"WOULD YOU HONOUR ME WITH YOUR AUTOGRAPH?"

### Adventures in High Life

I like the novels of Mr. STEPHEN MCKENNA. They are workmanlike and eminently readable. Earls are cheap in his pages, but they are not the earls—invariably belted—whom we used to meet in the works of the late CHARLES GARVICE. They run, so far as a mere commoner can judge, considerably closer to life. Yet sometimes I find myself wondering if the living novelist is a really trustworthy guide to the manners and customs of the exalted circles in which he moves so easily. Here, for instance, in *Lady Cynthia Clandon's Husband* (HUTCHINSON, 8/6), we are invited to admire a young lady whose behaviour at first certainly does not appeal to our old-fashioned notions. A century ago, I suppose, *Lady Cynthia* would have been a Reigning Toast: now, I regret to say, she is merely Hot Stuff. Excellently as she is appointed, entrancing as she may be in face and figure, I cannot feel for her that admiration that aristocratic heroines used to inspire in my breast. Her relations with the *Hon. Martin Brede* seem to me to reflect equal discredit on both sides. Her scorn of his character, when he did not hasten to offer marriage after her father had died and left her practically penniless, was surely a trifle overdone. However, the lady improves as the book goes on: when her second string, *Michael Leyburn*, plebeian by birth but wealthy and extremely fastidious, is thought to have lost the bulk of his fortune through a defaulting solicitor, she is permitted to display some real strength of character. At the finish she redeems herself.

But it is the other figures, that of *Leyburn* in particular, which do the author most credit.

### The Canning Case Again

In 1752 a London servant-girl, ELIZABETH CANNING, disappeared and, returning a month later, claimed to have been entrapped in an evil house by an ugly old gipsy, one MARY SQUIRES. From this arose the famous Canning Case, and SQUIRES, sentenced to death, was cleared by an alibi, while ELIZABETH suffered for perjury. Mr. F. J. HARVEY DARTON, in *Alibi Pilgrimage* (NEWNES, 10/6), has examined the gipsy's story and decided that it was a true one and its blanks deliberate because Mrs. SQUIRES and her family were engaged in smuggling. He has taken his readers through many lovely scenes, along that incomparable blue and golden Dorset coast-line, and by Dorchester and Basingstoke; and the flowers in the hedge and the Roman tiles below the grass have been equally his affair. FIELDING interested himself in the case, and I feel that Mr. DARTON, had he lived till to-day, would have been glad to know that for one reader at least his most interesting book has more than a touch of the English glory that is *Tom Jones*.

### Sir Joseph

The endowment of Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL's "wily but honest dealer in antiques" has always included vision, and so it is not surprising that in *Joe Quinney's Jodie* (WARD, LOCK, 7/6) he is to be seen teaching his grand-daughter the arts and crafts of his business. For if *Joe*, now that in his old age he has received the honour of knighthood, is almost due for well-earned retirement, *Quinneys* must surely be allowed to continue. Mr. VACHELL's sound outlook on life and true sense of values have seldom been more conspicuously displayed than in this story of *Joe* as he trains his successor. To some minds *Jodie's* path may seem to be too liberally strewn with roses, but Mr. VACHELL is never in serious danger of confusing legitimate sentiment with maudlin sentimentality. And *Jodie* eventually develops into a delightfully common-sensible young woman, quite capable of adding to the renown of the "House of Quinney."

### Mr. Punch on Tour

THE Exhibition of the original work of Living *Punch* Artists will be on view at the Stafford Art Gallery from October 24th to November 21st, after which it will be shown at Portsmouth.

Invitations to visit this Exhibition at either of these places will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Office, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

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